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A Queer Comparison

WHEN ex-President Roosevelt reached Naples he was hailed by one enthusiast as a second, or rather, reincarnated, Marcus Aurelius. That is about the funniest comparison ever made. Ernest Renan, who wrote the life of Christ, says that while Marcus Aurelius was a pagan and persecuted Christians, or at least, let the persecutions go on, he in his own person more closely resembled Jesus Christ, as portrayed in the New Testament, than any other mortal ever has.

He was given to melancholy all his days; he permitted a brother who had no ability to share his throne up to the time that brother died. His great trait was forgiving his enemies. One officer that rebelled in Asia Minor and turned his troops against the Roman troops and was later assassinated, though guilty of treason and, in a good many ways, murder, excited no animosity in the breast of Marcus; rather, he asked the senate of Rome to make no confiscation of the officer's estate, nor to persecute his family. His own wife had a bad reputation, but he declared to his dying day that she was an angel.

When we think of these characteristics and then think of Roosevelt's, the comparison of the two has a comical look. But in one respect he was a little like Roosevelt; he was always preaching peace, but as a matter of duty he led a campaign every year against some enemy of Rome. It is possible that it was from him that Roosevelt got his idea of the big stick.

He was one of the most profound philosophers of his age, one of the most learned men of his age; he struggled all his life to have better educational facilities extended to the Romans, and led in the movement to give Roman women educations. He was so marvelous a man that he made a distinct impression on his age which 1,800 years has not been able even to dim; and indeed, as his character is studied more and more, and the conditions with which he was surrounded are considered, his fame grows brighter with the onsweeping years. But he was not quite such a man as Roosevelt; at least, Roosevelt is not quite such a man as was he, and comparison of the two making them alike, is as funny a one as ever we saw in print.

Worth A Regiment

WHEN the civil war broke out a boy in California enlisted expecting to be sent south, but his regiment was sent to New Mexico where the Indians were troublesome and where several hundred of them had been captured and held at a military station. They were sullen, half hostile, and it was a clear case that they would run away if they could, and would not care what atrocities they committed in order to do so.

After the new regiment had been in camp a few days this California boy, who, by the way, was a lieutenant, applied to the colonel of the regiment to let him have direct charge of the Indians, and at the same time asked him to send east for garden seeds, saying he wished to make a garden and intended to have the Indians do the work, or most of it. The colonel did not think much of the plan, but yielded to his wishes and loaned him some artillery horses to plow the land.

He was a natural linguist and in a few days understood enough of the language of the savages to communicate freely with them. When the seeds came he showed them to the Indians and explained to them that this one would make plenty corn, this one plenty cabbages, this one plenty onions, and so he went on through the list and told them if they would help him plant them and take care of them they should have all they wanted.

He won two or three over to him and in a few days the whole band became enthusiastic. They helped plant the seeds and when those seeds shot out of the ground and grew rapidly the interest of the savages increased.

It was down in the Rio Grande valley where the land was warm and there was plenty of water, with the result that when the young crops began to yield, especially when the corn crop had progressed enough for roasting, every Indian in the camp swore by this young lieutenant, and there was not one of them who had any disposition to run away, for he had full charge.

When the autumn came he asked the colonel for twenty horses, explaining that he was going on a wild turkey hunt with some of his picked Indians. The colonel laughingly told him that he would never come back, that they would do him up as soon as they got outside of the camp. But he loaned him the horses, all the same.

They started one day and toward night it began to rain, a cold, disagreeable rain. They made their camp in the hills. The lieutenant woke up, after having been asleep, with a sense of suffocation, and he found that after he had gone to sleep those Indians had robbed themselves of their buffalo robes and had spread them over him to keep out the storm. After a week they returned to camp with seven or eight horses packed with splendid turkeys, enough for the whole camp and for the Indians.

That winter the regiment was exchanged for another regiment, and before the other regiment had been stationed there four months the Indians had all deserted and gone back to the wild.

We are reminded of that by some facts brought out the other day by General Bell, chief of staff of the army, who, before the house military committee, in appealing for more officers, stated that army officers are used for many particular government positions that are necessary, but not strictly military in character. And then he gave the account of First Lieutenant Edward Y. Miller, formerly of the Twenty-ninth infantry, who for ten years has been on detached duty as governor of Palawan, one of the Philippine islands.

While a volunteer officer Lieutenant Miller commanded some troops on the island of Palawan, an isolated island of the Philippines, away down among the Moros. He so acquitted himself and acquired such influence with the people, and gained their confidence to such an extent, that the commanding officer left him there as governor.

He has been there practically alone, except for his little wife, through several years. Later he was appointed an officer in the regular army and assigned to a certain regiment; but he did not leave and he has never seen his regiment. General Bell says he could not be replaced. The island is inhabited by 34,000 natives, 4,000 or 5,000 of whom are absolutely wild, while the rest are partly civilized.

When Lieutenant Miller went there with his command he began to study the native character, and when the command was ordered away and he was instructed to remain, he was asked how much help he needed. His reply was none at all, except his little company of Philippine scouts. They told him he would be killed. He was advised to use the utmost precautions, but when left alone he called the chiefs around him, told them he wanted to help them, protect them in their rights and won their confidence.

The scoundrels and pirates among the Moros on outside islands had been in the habit for years of levying tribute upon the Palawans. They came for their annual tribute and the Palawans explained to Miller the situation and wanted him to pay the tribute, when Miller asked them what would happen in case they did not pay it. They pointed out that there would be wholesale massacre and looting. Whereupon Miller said: "We do not pay."

Taking his little band of Philippine scouts he drove them off with an energy and directness that paralyzed them, and very soon it was noised about all the surrounding islands that there was a fighting demon on Palawan. This increased the confidence that his own islanders had in him, and since then he has been with them as a brother and a king.

Finding that they were being cheated by their contracts, he stopped all that. He showed them how they could increase the amount of land cultivated for rice and cocoanut; how they could develop their timber products and make more money. He did a work there very similar to that done by St. Patrick in Ireland, and he has the absolute faith of those wild tribes. They come to him as to a father and a king, and that merely shows what one man can do, if he has the courage and the good-heartedness and the capacity to handle grown-up children.

Secretary Dickinson regards Lieutenant Miller as one man in a thousand for the kind of work engaged in. He has never made a demand on the department, except for something to benefit the natives; he never asks anything for himself. He draws his pay of $180.23 a month and is content.

Under him new townships have been built up and have become self-supporting. Schools have been established for the children; better agricultural methods have been taught to the natives; the experiments in growing rubber trees were commenced; in every way the island has advanced under his guidance. He has led them into the civilized way of doing things without hurting their pride or going against their traditions. He never let them feel their ignorance. He went about advising them as if he and they were on the same intellectual level, he taking their advice as freely as he gave his own. In his reports to the government he never mentions himself except when it is absolutely necessary, and then in a very modest way.

He was twenty-four years old and a militia officer in Chicago when the Spanish war began. He went to the front with the [illegible]th Illinois infantry as a captain and saw service at Porto Rico. He was appointed a captain in the Thirtieth U. S. infantry in 1899 and sent to the Philippines. Now he has been appointed lieutenant in the regular service. He married a little girl in Illinois before he left. She has been with him all the time, entirely content and his constant adviser. His career on that lonely island for ten years shows what common sense, perfect courage and good-heartedness can accomplish.